

THE
PROLOGUE
TO
PASTOR FIDO.

written by Shakes.
Sett. 1677

Spoken by Mr. Edward Lambert.

Preface and Prologue, are such modish Toys,
Books ar'n't without this, nor without that Plays.
Welcome, Gallants! and Ladies of the May,
You shall be courted modishly to day.
Because without you, there had been no Play.
As to our Play's Original; we'll first
Dorigo to farr'd Guarini's sacred Dust.
It's learn'd Author. Nor let it be decry'd,
'Cause All's Italian, Nothing's Frenchis'd.
For, Plays (you know) like Cloaths submit to Mode,
And that; but dull, that keeps the common Road.
We care not for that — for here, Sirs! nought you'll have,
But what is Noble, Sage, Wise, Solid, Grave.
Stern C. A. To a Spectator might be here,
And modest Virgins may Unmask appear.
You've Come in it's most ancient dress,
As when of old, Carted through Villages.
Here's then no place, for th' Sparks and th' Blades o'th' Time;
(Vallueing themselves upon their Garb, their Crimes)
Who scoff at us poor Bumkins: whose defence
Is our simplicity, Our Innocence.
To please such Fops (for mortally we base 'um)
Wee'l ne're attempt.

Inshort, you've here, the Passions rudely drest
To all their parts, if Fear balks not the rest.
Here's coy Love, flatt'ring Hope, cold Desperation,
Envie'ning Joys, fawning Dissimulation,
Pleasing Revenge, easy Credulity,
Fondness, Moroseness, Rage, and Cruelty
Charm'd into Pity.— Here are Love's Fatigues
It's Toy's: and Lover's Wit, Councils, Intrigues.
And if All this won't take, stop here—for not
(As I'me a Sinner) one word of the Plot.
For, since 'tis at your choice, to clap or hiss,
Expect the rest: if well, we do in This
Your patience crave s pardon in what's amiss.

The End.

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THE
EPILOGUE
TO
PASTOR FIDO.

Spoken by Sir Walter Ernle Barronet.

Allants ! the Stage is clipp'd, and I am come,
To hear the Actor's end or fatal doom.
Poor Wretches ! The amus'd with anxious fears
Are fled : jealous they've feateit their Ears,
Tho' to be try'd by Y O U more than their Peers. }
Yet why shou'd They a painful Tryal fear,
Where Y O U, fair Ladis ! influence the Bar ?
Where full of Pity, as of fate, Y O U sit,
There needs no I G N O R A M U S to acquit.
Do like your selves ! Steam the moroser guise !
Cramp-snarling Criticks ! and controul the wife !
These All strike Sail to Y O U —— and are All blest
Who in such Harbour, can securely rest.
You'll say the Play's unmodish because old,
Alas ! you'll all be so —— good Tales are oft ill told.
This seems to be our case. But (Ladies !) then
Most of you know, such Striflings are not Men.
And tho' your kindress call't or Farce or Play.
In Truth 'tis neither but a rude Essay.
Faith ! then be kin'd ! —— I do protest you'd need
Accept this first time, the good will for th' deed.
This Boon I only bg ; grant This and then
We hope to temp you hither once ag'en.
Mean time, win parting thanks Clown-like we treat ye }
And in our Home-bred Phrase can only say t' ye
After an ill Mea (Friends !) much good may't do t' ye. }

The End.